HANCOCK'S HALF HOUR RADIO (Original Scripts)

Series; 1. Episode 9. The Christmas Eve Party.

TONY HANCOCK

With

MOIRA LISTER, BILL KERR, & SIDNEY JAMES

In

"HANCOCK'S HALF HOUR"

No. 9

KENNETH WILLIAMS

INCIDENTAL MUSIC COMPOSED BY WALLY STOTT and RECORDED BY THE BBC AUGMENTED REVUE ORCHESTRA, CONDUCTED BY HARRY RABINOWITZ

SCRIPT: RAY GALTON & ALAN SIMPSON

ANNOUNCER: ADRIAN WALLER

PRODUCED BY DENNIS MAIN WILSON

REHEARSALS: FRIDAY 17th DECEMBER 1954: 3.30pm. REHEARSAL ROOM
SATURDAY 18th DECEMBER 1954: 10.00am. CAMDEN

RECORDING: SATURDAY 18th DECEMBER 1954: 1.45-2.30pm. CAMDEN

TRANSMISSION: TUESDAY 28th DECEMBER 1954: 9.30-10.00pm. LIGHT & GOS

REPEATS: SATURDAY 1st JANUARY 1955: 10.30-11.00am. GOS
SUNDAY 2nd JANUARY 1955: 3.15-3.45pm. GOS

CONTINUITY;
(Live) THIS IS THE BBC LIGHT PROGRAMME

GRAMS: (ON RED LIGHT) "HANCOCK OPENING" - PART 1

ADRIAN: We present Tony Hancock with Moira Lister, Bill Kerr and Sidney James in…

GRAMS: "HANCOCK OPENING" - PART 2

TONY: (ALL EXCITED - BREATH) "Hancock's Half Hour".

GRAMS: "HANCOCK OPENING" - PART 3

ADRIAN: Did you have a good Christmas? Lots of fun and goodwill to all men? Did the friends and relations come to the party...and did everybody have a wonderful time…? ……Neither did Tony Hancock.

GRAMS: "HANCOCK THEME" (UP & UNDER)

TONY: Ah well, Christmas is over for another year. Better get the pudding scraped off the walls. Now - about all those Christmas cards we received…

BILL: Yeah?

TONY: Rub the names out and we can send 'em back <u>next</u> year.

MOIRA: Not again! They're the one's we sent back <u>last</u> year.

TONY: I thought they were getting a bit grubby.

BILL: Look at this one - "To all you brave men at the front - A Merry Christmas - Kitchener".

TONY: I wondered when that one would turn up again. It's been going round the family for years that one has. Aunt Mary had it the year before last. That was a laugh.

MOIRA: Why?

TONY: She was the one sent it out in the first place. Oh, and while I think of it, we'd better get our New Year's Cards ready.

MOIRA: Do you mean to say you've actually <u>bought</u> some this year?

TONY: Certainly, I always replace about five of 'em a year. You know, wear and tear - and <u>some</u> people are too mingy to send 'em back. Here they are. Beautiful cards. Almost too good to send out.

BILL: Yeah, they're great, aren't they. They've got taste and class about 'em.

TONY: Ooh, I've just noticed, we can't send 'em out like that. Must rub the price off.

MOIRA: Naturally - it wouldn't look very good for them to see that twopence written on the back, would it.

TONY: That's what I said, so rub it out. That's it. Now - just pencil..one and...nine..in the corner - right, let's post 'em.

BILL: You know Tub, I really enjoyed this English Christmas. Makes a change for me. Back in Australia I used to spend my Christmases on the beach.

TONY: Never mind Bill, don't be ashamed, we've all been down on our luck.

BILL: No, but I really enjoyed this Christmas. That was a great party we had. Very distingue.

TONY: Oh my word yes, very distingue, I should say so. Hand me the dictionary.

BILL: Why?

TONY: I want to see what it means. Oh, and while you're about it…

BILL: Yes?

TONY: Have a look under "D" and see what dictionary means.

BILL: It really was a wonderful party though. Who was that guy taking the hats and coats?

TONY: One of your friends.

BILL: Nothing to do with me, I thought he was one of your friends.

TONY: Never saw him before in my life.

BILL: Who was he then?

MOIRA: Was he a little man with a bald head?

TONY: That's him - do you know him?

MOIRA: Yes he comes round here every morning with his rag and bone cart.

BILL: Say Tub, what did you think of that doll I was towing around?

TONY: Which one was that?

BILL: The girl from the Arts Council. The one with the short hair and slacks.

TONY: Was that a girl? Blimey - I was calling her Fred all evening. Here, Lady Docker didn't arrive did she?

MOIRA: Yes.

TONY: Are you sure?

MOIRA: I think so, the rag and bone man's been collecting in a Daimler this morning.

TONY: I bet Gilbert's livid.

MOIRA: Well I suppose we'd better start clearing up before the -

EFFECTS: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

MOIRA: I'll get it.

EFFECTS: (FEW FOOTSTEPS. DOOR OPEN)

MOIRA: Good morning I….oh, good morning Constable. Anything wrong?

POLICEMAN: Good morning Madam. Are you Mrs. Anthony Hancock?

MOIRA: No, I can still hold my head up.

POLICEMAN: Congratulations. Does Mr. Hancock live here?

MOIRA: (THOUGHTFUL) Live? Yes, I suppose that's what you'd call it. Yes.

POLICEMAN: May I see him?

MOIRA: You want to see him?

POLICEMAN: Yes.

MOIRA: You're so brave.

POLICEMAN: It's alright, I've heard him on the wireless so it...won't come as too much of a shock.

MOIRA: I'll get him for you. (CALLS) Tony, there's a gentleman to see you.

TONY: (OFF MIKE) Hold on. I'm just finishing forging this National Health stamp to put on me card. Who is it?

MOIRA: The Police.

EFFECTS: (FAST RUNNING FOOTSTEPS. CRASH OF SHEET GLASS)

MOIRA: (SLIGHT PAUSE. OFF MIKE) If you'll come this way, you'll find him lying out in the back garden.

EFFECTS: (DOOR OPEN)

TONY: (GROANS APPROACHING MIKE)

EFFECTS: (DOOR CLOSES)

POLICEMAN: Good morning sir.

TONY: I have an alibi to prove I was somewhere else when it happened.

POLICEMAN: I beg your pardon?

TONY: I was nowhere near the warehouse when those thirty thousand wristwatches were stolen.

BILL: (COMING ON MIKE) Hey Tub, have you got the time?

TONY: Let's see. Half past one, twenty to two, quarter past four, ten past eight, half past...no, that is..mistake….goodnight all.

POLICEMAN: Look I'm afraid I don't know what you're talking about.

TONY: You mean you haven't come to arrest me?

POLICEMAN: No.

TONY: Bill, pour him a drink. Fill his helmet up.

POLICEMAN: Oh no, I couldn't sir. It's very kind of you, but you know how it is - I'm on duty. I'm not allowed to take any… (GULP)...good health.

TONY: Cheers. Now what can we do for you?

POLICEMAN: I've got a summons to give to you.

TONY: Give us that drink back.

MOIRA: What's this about a summons Officer?

POLICEMAN: That's right Miss.

TONY: But Officer, everyone holds a party on Christmas Eve.

POLICEMAN: This one started on November 27th. You are merely summoned to appear at the Magistrates Court tomorrow morning to answer the charges.

TONY: This is ridiculous. We weren't making much noise.

POLICEMAN: Well, all I know is Mr. Allsop complained, and Mr. MacCabe.

TONY: Allsop and MacCabe? I don't know them.

POLICEMAN: I don't suppose you do, they live six streets away. Well I'll be off now. Don't forget, ten o'clock tomorrow morning at the Magistrates Court.

TONY: Who's on the Bench this week?

POLICEMAN: Mr. Justice Locksmith.

TONY: I've had it, he knows me. He's never forgiven me for selling him that cartload of logs.

MOIRA: Why, what did he say?

TONY: Nothing, till he noticed all the trees in his back garden had been chopped down.

POLICEMAN: Well, I've done my duty, so I'll bid you good day. Where's my helmet?

TONY: Here you are.

POLICEMAN: Thank you sir. (GLUGS AS HE DRINKS) Aaaaah. (SMACKS LIPS. SILLY LAUGH) Very nice. Good day. See you in court. (GOES OFF SINGING DRUNKENLY)...."We run them in, we run them in, we run them in..(HICCOUGH)..to show them we're the…(HICCOUGH)...Beau Gendarmes, We run them in..etc…

GRAMS: "MAL-DE-MERCOCK"

EFFECTS: (COURTROOM ATMOSPHERE. RAPPING OF GAVEL)

JUDGE: I find the defendant, Police Constable Phillips, guilty on a charge of being drunk and disorderly. You're discharged from the Force. Hand in your police whistle, pencil and notebook. Oh, and leave your helmet on the desk, I think there's still a drop left in it.

EFFECTS: (ATMOSPHERE UP)

TONY: Oh excuse me Sergeant.

SERGEANT: Yes sir?

TONY: Am I in the right Courtroom?

SERGEANT: What's your name?

TONY: Ancock. Haitch - hay - hen - c - ho - c - k. The haitch is sometimes left out depending on what sort of heducation you've 'ad.

SERGEANT: Let's see. Hancock? Ah yes, next case but one. Take a seat.

TONY: Thank you. (YELLS) Your helmet I believe.

SERGEANT: Oh, thank you sir.

TONY: Come Moira, Bill, we'll sit here. We're on after the next case.

BILL: What is the next case?

TONY: Let's see. Where's me programme? Ah yes. Lloyd versus Lloyd. Wifebeating.

EFFECTS: (THREE RAPS OF GAVEL)

USHER: The Court is in session. The case of Lloyd versus Lloyd. Presiding Magistrate, Mr. Justice Locksmith.

JUDGE: Will Mrs. Lloyd please take the stand? You are Mrs. Dorothy Lloyd?

MOIRA: Yus.

JUDGE: Mrs. Lloyd. Will you please tell the Court in your own words just exactly what took place between you and your husband on the night of the twenty third.

MOIRA: He walloped me.

JUDGE: And on the night of the twenty fourth?

MOIRA: He walloped me again.

JUDGE: And on the night of the twenty fifth?

MOIRA: He gave me a Christmas present.

JUDGE: And then?

MOIRA: He walloped me.

JUDGE: Mrs. Lloyd, just how long has your husband been in the habit of er…"walloping" you?

MOIRA: Twenty three years.

JUDGE: And you've only just complained?

MOIRA: Well, just lately he hasn't been walloping me so hard.

JUDGE: Then, why are you complaining?

MOIRA: I think he's losing interest in me.

JUDGE: I'd like to hear the other side of this case. Will Mr. Roy Lloyd please take the stand?

MOIRA: He can't sir. He's in hospital.

JUDGE: Oh, I'm sorry - what happened?

MOIRA: Last night I walloped <u>him</u>.

JUDGE: Case dismissed. Next case.

USHER: The entire borough of Limehouse versus Anthony Hancock.

JUDGE: Is the Jury assembled?

USHER: Yes your honour. Six men and six women.

JUDGE: Oh, how tiresome. Remember what happened last time we had that arrangement? It took us four days to get them out of that blasted room. Proceed. Call Anthony Hancock.

USHER: Call Anthony Hancock.

ALAN: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Call Anthony Hancock.

RAY: (FURTHER OFF) Call Anthony Hancock.

BILL: (FURTHER OFF) Call Anthony Hancock.

ADRIAN: (FURTHER OFF) Call Anthony Hancock.

DENNIS: (FURTHER OFF) Call Anthony Hancock.

JOE YOUNG: (WAY OFF MIKE. BEHIND EFFECTS SCREEN) Who???

DENNIS: Who?

ADRIAN: Who?

BILL: Who?

RAY: Who?

ALAN: Who?

USHER: Who?

JUDGE: You heard.

USHER: You heard.

ALAN: You heard.

RAY: You heard.

BILL: You heard.

ADRIAN: You heard.

DENNIS: You heard.

JUDGE: (ANGRY) Where is he, where is he?

TONY: Alright, alright, keep your wig on, I'm coming.

JUDGE: Is your name Anthony Hancock?

TONY: Yes.

JUDGE: Yes what?

TONY: Yes it is.

JUDGE: Yes it is what?

TONY: Anthony Hancock.

JUDGE: Oh…..pleased to meet you.

TONY: Charmed.

JUDGE: Do you come here often?

USHER: Shall I read the charge out Your Honour?

JUDGE: Proceed.

USHER: It is alleged -

TONY: It's a lie!

USHER: ...That on the twenty fourth of December, the defendant..Anthony Alouitious St. John Hancock the Second, did hold a riotous party at his residence and did create a public disturbance by keeping the whole neighbourhood awake until the early hours of the morning.

JUDGE: How do you plead?

TONY: All depends where I cut meself. (LAUGHS) My word, eh? (LAUGHS) Cor dear. That's six months before we start.

JUDGE: Mr. Hancock, do you swear -

TONY: I do.

JUDGE: Well, it's a disgusting habit. Call the first witness for the prosecution.

USHER: Call Mrs. Joseph Bloggs.

JUDGE: You are Mrs. Joseph Bloggs?

MOIRA: That's right.

JUDGE: And you live in the flat underneath the defendant?

MOIRA: Yus.

JUDGE: Will you kindly tell the Court what happened on the night in question.

MOIRA: Well, me and the old man was in bed at one o'clock in the morning, trying to get some kip, when from upstairs come the most terrible din you've ever heard in your natural. I stuffed me head under the piller but it was no good - all night long all I could hear was these hooligans upstairs carrying on in the most disgusting manner and….

QUICK FADE IN

EFFECTS: ("THE CHAMP" - TED HEATH RECORDING.
JITTERBUGGING & STAMPING IN TEMPO.
SCREAMS, YELLS & LAUGHTER.
CLINKING OF GLASSES.
POURING OF BOOZE.
DRUNKS.
GLASS DROPPED)

CROSSFADE BACK TO

TONY: I object Your Honour, I object! It's a lie. She ain't half putting it on. It was nothing like that.

JUDGE: Very well, you tell the Court what happened.

TONY: Very well, it was like this. Me and me friends were sitting in my lounge…….

QUICK FADE IN

EFFECTS: ("WHERE E'ER YOU WALK" - ALBERT SANDLER TRIO. VICTORIAN CONVERSATION.

TONY: (OVER EFFECTS) " How's your sampler's coming along Miriam?"
"More tea Vicar?"

CLINK OF CUPS AND SPOONS
TONY: " How about a song Sir Gerald?")

MOIRA: Never! Don't you believe him Your Honour. Blimey - they was making enough noise to wake the dead. And that was only at one o'clock in the morning. By three o'clock it was worse. I would say they'd been imbibing rather freely of the booze, because they started singing and dancing and shouting and…..

QUICK FADE TO

EFFECTS: ("KNEES UP MOTHER BROWN". PUB ATMOSPHERE)

CAST: (ALL SING "KNEES UP MOTHER BROWN")

(LOUD THUMPS OF DANCING. SHOUTS)

CROSSFADE BACK TO

TONY: I protest Your Honour! She's laying it on a bit, ent she? Making it sound like one of them Foreign Office booze ups. It was nothing like that. The butler had just brought the dry sherry round and we was quietly nibbling at our cheese straws. As we commenced our musical evening…..

QUICK FADE IN

EFFECTS: (DISCREET CHATTER & POLITE APPLAUSE)

TONY: Have another toasted prune.

BILL: (VERY REFINED) And now our host Mr. Anthony Hancock, will oblige us with a rendering of one of his celebrated tenor arias.

CAST: (POLITE APPLAUSE)

TONY: Thank you. Higgins?

PIANO: INTRO. "I LEFT MY HEART IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN"

TONY: (SINGS) " I leave my heart in an English Garden
Safe where the breezes of England blow
When the highways are dark and drear -
I'll know there's sunshine here
Bright where the roses of England blow… (fade)

CROSSFADE BACK TO

MOIRA: He's lying Yer Honour - he's lying I tell you, he's lying.

TONY: No, I'm not.

MOIRA: Yes he is. Slosh him with your gavel. He's lying.

TONY: He ain't.

JUDGE: Who ain't?

TONY: Hi Haint.

MOIRA: He is.

JUDGE: Who his?

MOIRA: He H'are

JUDGE: Who h'are?

TONY: Hi h'are.

JUDGE: Ha hah.

MOIRA: No, he h'are.

JUDGE: You said hi h'are.

TONY: (SINGS) Let's call the whole thing off.

EFFECTS: (RAPPING OF GAVEL)

JUDGE: (OVER) Order in Court. There seems to be considerable disagreement as to what did actually take place in Mr. hancock's residence on Christmas Eve. Let us therefore hear each witness' evidence right the way through - without any interruptions. First - Mrs. Bloggs.

MOIRA: Well sir, it was like I said. Me and the old man was woken up at one o'clock in the morning by all the noise coming from upstairs….

FADE IN

EFFECTS: (TED HEATH DISC.
RIOTOUS PARTY.
YELLING & SHOUTING & LAUGHING ETC.)

BILL: Oh boy Tub, what a party.

TONY: Tell that girl friend of yours not to jive so hard. She's slung three blokes out of the window already. Here, that was a nice strong cocktail you mixed. Got any left?

BILL: Yeah, plenty - no glasses though.

TONY: Why?

BILL: They've melted. See that big hole in the carpet.

TONY: Somebody spilt some. Right now it's working it's way through the floorboards.

EFFECTS: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

TONY: Hallo, more guests. See who it is.

EFFECTS: (DOOR OPEN)

SIDNEY: (YELLS) Hallo boys, sorry I'm late.

BILL: (YELLS) Sid James! Dig your way through the bodies and come in.

SIDNEY: I would have got here earlier Billy but I was delayed. I've been down the shops getting my Christmas presents.

BILL: What took so long?

SIDNEY: Usual things, doors to open, wires to cut, windows to smash, all takes time.

TONY: Hallo, Mr. James. Scotch, rum, gin, brandy..?

SIDNEY: Yes please.

TONY: I'm not offering it, I want to know if you've brought any.

BILL: How did you know we were having a party Sid?

SIDNEY: I saw the neighbours being evacuated. Here, I've got a few friends outside. Alright if I bring 'em in?

TONY: Yes, more the merrier, bring 'em all in.

SIDNEY: Right, half a minute.

EFFECTS: (FRONT DOOR OPEN. STREET NOISES)

SIDNEY: (CALLS) Alright boys, you can come in.

EFFECTS: (TREMENDOUS STAMPEDE. SHOUTS ETC. AS HORDE OF SHOUTING MEN POUR INTO HOUSE. CUT SHORT BY DOOR SLAM)

TONY: Well don't just stand there Kerr, help me up and open the front door.

GRAMS: LINK

EFFECTS: (MASSED HIGHLAND BAGPIPE BAND. SCOTTISH YELLS ETC.

TONY: Sid, you might have told me your friends were the 3rd Battalion Scots Guards.

BILL: Yeah, how do you come to know these guys Sid?

SIDNEY: One of my boys joined up with them last week. Morrie Ginsberg.

TONY: Scots Guards?

SIDNEY: On his mother's side. The regiment was on leave over Christmas, so I brought 'em round here to enjoy themselves.

BILL: Well, they're certainly doing that. Who's idea was it to play toss the caber with the Christmas tree?

TONY: Well I'm fed up with 'em. What with these Arts Council girls in slacks and these blokes in kilts...I had a rough time of it in the Postman's Knock, I can tell you.

EFFECTS: (BAGPIPES UP)

TONY: (YELLS OVER) Do they <u>have</u> to keep marching round the room blowing those vacuum cleaners? It's got to stop. (CALLS) Lads….Scottish gentlemen... me braw laddies...stop that horrible noise. Call that music? Sounds terrible. I've never heard such an awful row in me life.

EFFECTS: (BAGPIPES STOP. PAUSE.
CRASH OF SHEET GLASS.
PAUSE.
BAGPIPES START UP AGAIN.
KNOCK ON DOOR.
DOOR OPEN)

TONY: What beautiful music - can I come in?

SIDNEY: Well, I must say this is a great party boys. (BAGPIPES OUT) I don't know how you've managed to get a hundred and fifty people in such a small room.

BILL: Two <u>hundred</u>. There's another fifty lying underneath <u>this</u> lot.

SIDNEY: Do you mean to say we're <u>standing</u> on people?

BILL: Yeah.

SIDNEY: Don't they mind?

TONY: Well, they don't mind...but the people underneath them are getting a bit worried.

SIDNEY: Well, now we're here, let's get things livened up a bit. Let's get some games going.

BILL: Such as?

SIDNEY: Hide and Seek. I take that blonde piece over there and we go upstairs and hide.

TONY: Oh..and I come and find you.

SIDNEY: You do and I'll break every bone in your body.

BILL: Look, let's have a good old sing song.

OMNES: ("Good idea" ETC.)

BILL: Come on everybody, all together…

PIANO: BAR ROOM INTRO. "OH DEAR WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE"

MALE CAST: (SING) "Oh dear what can the matter be… KEY C

MOIRA: Alright, thank you, we won't have any of that.

TONY: Moira, where have you been?

MOIRA: Out in the street trying to calm down the neighbours. They think the Martians have arrived.

SIDNEY: Never mind the neighbours. Let's get warmed up. Let's have a knees up.

OMNES: (AGREEMENT - CHEERS)

EFFECTS: (NOISY CHATTER - LAUGHTER ETC.
THEN " KNEES UP MOTHER BROWN")

OMNES: (SING "KNEES UP MOTHER BROWN")

EFFECTS: (HEAVY THUMPS OF DOWNSTAIRS NEIGHBOURS BASHING ON THE CEILING)

SIDNEY: Hey - what's that?

TONY: The downstairs neighbours - thumping on the ceiling.

MOIRA: (OFF MIKE. MUFFLED> Mrs. BLOGGS) Quiet up there, not so much noise. I can't hear my husband walloping me.

SIDNEY: (CALLS) Ah shuttup.

EFFECTS: (THUMPING ON CEILING)

SIDNEY: (CALLS) And stop bashing on the ceiling. Here, stamp on the floor, that'll stop 'em.

EFFECTS: (STAMPING ON FLOOR. CHANDELIER FALLS AWAY FROM CEILING UNDERNEATH. CRASH & TINKLE OFF MIKE - FROM FLAT UNDERNEATH)

MOIRA: (OFF MIKE. MUFFLED. YELLS IN PAIN) You walloped me again - from behind.

HUSBAND: (OFF MIKE WITH MOIRA) No I didn't - it was the chandelier.

MOIRA: (OFF) You walloped me with the chandelier. I'll take you to court in the morning.

BOTH: (AD LIB ARGUMENT)

BILL: Let's have some music, give 'em something to get annoyed about.

EFFECTS: ("THE CHAMP" - TED HEATH)

OMNES: (SING TO RECORD)

EFFECTS: (LOUD BANGING ON DOOR)

TONY: Hallo, more guests. Let 'em in Sid.

EFFECTS: (DOOR OPEN)

SIDNEY: Come in mate, join the party. Here, that's a flash suit you've got on?

KENNETH: (REFINED) I'm from the ground floor and these are my pyjamas. What with the people above me walloping each other every five minutes and you making this awful din right up here, I thought for a moment the Goon Show had been given a late night repeat.

TONY: Well, now you're here, how about having a drink?

KENNETH: That's another thing, have you spilt any of your drinks on the floor tonight?

BILL: Why yeah, some of that cocktail I made.

KENNETH: Well, for your information, it's eaten it's way through the two floors and for the last half hour has been steadily dripping onto my hair.

TONY: But you're bald?

KENNETH: I am now. You'll hear more about this. Goodnight.

SIDNEY: Don't take any notice of him. Enjoy yourself. Come on, let's get back to the party. Drinks all round.

BILL: Let's have some music.

OMNES: (AGREEMENT & SHOUTS OF DELIGHT. BAGS OF NOISE)

EFFECTS: (LOUD MUSIC. THUMPING ETC. AS WHEN PARTY BEGAN)

FADE BACK TO COURTROOM

MOIRA: (MRS. BLOGGS)....And that's how it went on all night long Your Honour. It was disgusting. Something ought to be done about it. They're hooligans the lot of them..and I don't mind telling you…

TONY: Have you finished? Thank you. She's exaggerating Your Honour. Let me tell you how it really was. Me guests had nearly all assembled by half past eight and we were just…

FADE IN

EFFECTS: (DISCREET MURMURING. SOFT SEDATE PALM COURT MUSIC)

CAST: (POLITE MURMURS. "So glad you could come. Charmed. This <u>is</u> a pleasant surprise...etc.")

TONY: Oh, William.

BILL; Yes Anthony?

TONY: Is there any tea and toast left?

BILL: Oh, simply lashings. By the by, I have a small bottle of rare crusted port if you would care to partake.

TONY: Alcoholic beverage in this house? William, pour it down the sink this very minute.

BILL: Oh, I say Anthony…

TONY: You know my views on strong drink, William.

BILL: Yes, but dash it all Anthony, it's Christmas.

TONY: Oh very well then. Ginger wine all round. Nothing stronger though. You know I'm..trying to forget what it did to...father.

BILL: Oh...of course. Forgive me Anthony.

TONY: Nohap. Let us enjoy the...merrymaking.

EFFECTS: (VERY SEDATE MUSIC. "WHERE E'ER YOU WALK")

BILL: Oh my goodness, I have such a splitting headache.

TONY: I'll ask the orchestra to play more quietly shall I?

BILL: Would you do that?

TONY: Of course.

BILL: Oh, you're so kind. So terribly, terribly kind.

TONY: Not at all. We can't have the orchestra playing too loudly - it puts the guests off their needlework.

EFFECTS: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

TONY: Oh goodness, another guest. I'll go and see who it is. Take the liquorice allsorts round.

EFFECTS: (DOOR OPEN)

SIDNEY: Good evening gentlemen, pray forgive my late arrival.

BILL: Why Sidney, so glad you could come.

TONY: Oh do come in Mr. James. Grapefruit juice?

SIDNEY: No thank you very much - I'm driving.

TONY: You must be starving. Have a toasted shrimp.

SIDNEY: Oh, how delightful.

TONY: Do sit down. Er..gentlemen on one side of the room - ladies on the other...and no nipping across when the lights go out, you naughty man.

BILL: Oh Anthony, the things you say.

SIDNEY: Well now we're here, let's get things livened up a bit.

MOIRA: (SHOCKED) I beg your pardon.

SIDNEY: Yes, come on, let's be devils. Let's pull a cracker.

BILL: Oh yes let's. How exciting. Gather round everybody, we're going to pull a cracker.

OMNES: (POLITE MURMURS OF APPROVAL)

SIDNEY: Come on Moira, you hold this end and I'll hold the other end.

MOIRA: Right, I'm ready.

TONY: Put your hands over your ears everybody, I do believe they go off bang.

MOIRA: Right - pull.

EFFECTS: (BANG OF CRACKER)

OMNES: (GASPS OF FRIGHT)

TONY: Oooh, I think I'm going to have one of me turns.

SIDNEY: Oooh look what I've got out of the cracker.

TONY: Oh do show...do show. Crowd round everybody. Let's all see what Sidney's got.

BILL: Come along Sidney, show us. Don't be a beast.

SIDNEY: Look!!!

OMNES: (GASPS OF WONDERMENT)

BILL: Ooh, you lucky thing Sidney. A little pair of tin scales.

TONY: Swap my paper hat for your tin scales.

SIDNEY: No, I want to keep them.

TONY: Mean beast.

SIDNEY: My cracker. I've always wanted a little pair of tin scales. I can spend the rest of the evening weighing up the liquorice allsorts.

TONY: Oh, what fun.

BILL: I say everybody, what say we pull another cracker.

TONY: No, we've had enough excitement for one evening. Come along now - back to your needlework.

MOIRA: I say Anthony, let's give out the Christmas presents from the tree.

OMNES: (AGREEMENT)

BILL: Bags I the fairy.

SIDNEY: No - you got the fairy last year. I want it.

BILL: Anthony said I could have it.

SIDNEY: I want it. I'll flick this spoonful of jelly at you.

TONY: Oh, I say chaps, please - no violence. Let Sidney have the fairy William - after all, he is our guest.

BILL: Oh, alright.

SIDNEY: Goody, goody.

EFFECTS: (BANGS & CRASHES OFF MIKE)

MOIRA: (OFF MIKE) You walloped me again.

HUSBAND: (OFF MIKE) Yes, and here's another one.

EFFECTS: (CLUNK)

MOIRA: (YELLS)

SIDNEY: I say...what's going on downstairs?

TONY: Those disgusting neighbours of ours, I -

EFFECTS: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

BILL: Oh I do believe there's some more guests arrived. Let them in Sidney.

EFFECTS: (DOOR OPEN)

SIDNEY: Ah, good evening sir, welcome to the party. Here, they're flash pyjamas you've got on ain't they.

KENNETH: I am one of your neighbours and this is my suit.

TONY: Ah, good evening sir. What can we do for you?

KENNETH: Some of that tea was dripping down through my ceiling. It tasted so nice I thought I'd come up for a cup.

TONY: Oh, excellent, do come in. Don't feel out of it, let yourself go - have a funny hat.

KENNETH: Oh, thank you. What a delightful party, is it not? It makes such a pleasant change from those rowdy things one hears so much about.

BILL: Actually you're just in time for our musical evening. Perhaps you'd care to join my friends and I in a ballad.

KENNETH: Delighted.

TONY: We don't usually sing at our parties...but..well, it's Christmas and...well you know, we've had a couple of wine gums and a dance round the Christmas tree..and we just don't care now. Announce our party piece William.

BILL: Ladies and gentlemen, your attention please. For our contribution to this madly gay little party, Anthony, Sidney, our friend here and myself would like to give you…

TONY: Higgins, give us a note lad.

PIANO: CUE NOTE

FOUR BOYS: (TUNE UP. THEN THROATS CLEARED. THEN SING BALLAD WITH PIANO.)

OMNES: (POLITE APPLAUSE)

FADE IN

TONY: And so help me, that's exactly how it was Your Honour.

MOIRA: No it wasn't. If you believe that you'll believe anything. They was kicking up a shocking row and…

TONY &
MOIRA: (ARGUE)

EFFECTS: (RAPPING OF GAVEL)

JUDGE: Order in Court, please! We shall let the Jury decide. Ladies and gentlemen of the Jury you have heard the two witnesses give their versions of what took place at Mr. Hancock's residence on Christmas Eve. You will now retire and consider your verdict. Court adjourned.

GRAMS: LINK

BILL: Well the Jury have been out for four hours now Moira. I wonder what the verdict will be.

MOIRA: I don't know..but Tony doesn't seem to be very worried about it.

BILL: Why, where is he?

MOIRA: Over there, talking to the Prosecuting Counsel.

SLIGHT FADE IN

TONY: ...Of course this isn't my first brush with the Law you know. You can tell by me composed look, can't you. You can see I'm not worried. Course some people let the law frighten them. Not me though. I know too much about it. I know exactly what they can do and what they can't do.
ALAN: So do I.
TONY: Well you would, you're a lawyer..and a very good one if I may say so.
ALAN: Thank you.
TONY: Not at all. Credit where credit's due. I admire the way you've been hounding me this afternoon. Anyway as I was saying, I know me rights and I...I like your wig. Just your style. Of course you can carry it you see, you've got the right shaped face. Not like the Judge. I mean I wouldn't tell him, but he does look a bit of a Charlie doesn't he. The people at the back of the Court have been talking. I mean. I'm all for bringing the Law Courts up to date but I ask you...a Tony Curtis wig, that's going a bit too far. But I'm getting away from me point. I was telling you about me brush with the

law. You see I had me barrow round the Dilly last Christmas...you know, the walnuts and that...well anyway, I'd just finished pumping up the oranges...well you have to don't you. They won't buy the little ones. So anyway, this copper comes up to me and says "Move on". Well, straight away, knowing me rights I says "No"....Well that shook him. He swallowed so hard, his Adam's Apple got wedged under his helmet strap. He could see he'd picked the wrong man. Cos I was firm you see. I knew he couldn't touch me. I was in me rights. I may not be educated..but I know the law. "Show us your credentials", I said. "Because I'm not moving until I see 'em". So he walked over to me barrow and he looked at me, embarrassed you know, sheepish would be the word - tail between his legs. He fumbled inside his coat, pulled his hand out..and with a sort of apologetic smile - do you know what he did? He belted me over the head with his truncheon.

BILL: (APPROACHING) Hey Tub, the Jury are filing back in.

EFFECTS: (RAPPING OF GAVEL)

JUDGE: Foreman of the Jury, you have been locked in the Jury room for four and a half hours now. Have you reached a verdict?

FOREMAN: Yus.

JUDGE: What is it?

FOREMAN: The blonde sitting next to me is a bit of alright.

JUDGE: Oh, dear dear, you obviously haven't reached a decision. There's only one way we can decide whether Mr. Hancock is guilty or not. We will adjourn the Court while the Jury and I go to Mr. Hancock's residence and let him reconstruct the party. I will deliver my judgement tomorrow morning.

GRAMS: LINK
EFFECTS: (GAVEL)

USHER: ….You have been found guilty of wilfully causing a disturbance of the Public Peace by holding a riotous party in the aforementioned residence. Have you anything to say before the Court passes sentence upon you?

JUDGE: She's lying. It was nothing like that. Let me tell you what really happened. The Jury and I were not drunk. We went there in the course of Justice…

GRAMS: CLOSING THEME

ADRIAN: You have been listening to "Hancock's Half Hour", featuring the lad himself, with Moira Lister, Bill Kerr, Sidney James and Kenneth Williams. Incidental music was composed by Wally Stott and recorded by the BBC Augmented Revue Orchestra, conducted by Harry Rabinowitz. The script was written by Ray Galton and Alan

Simpson - and the programme, which was recorded was produced by Dennis Main Wilson.

GRAMS: "HANCOCK THEME" UP & TO END
(SEGUE)